II.

Her pious breathings now aſcend,
As from her heart the ſighs ſhe heaves;
And angels to her ſuit attend,
Till ſtrong in hope ſhe now conceives.

III.

Then Samuel ſoon was brought to light
To ſerve the Lord, as yet a child—
O what a heart-reviving ſight!
Sure Cherubims and Seraphs ſmil'd.

IV.

Thus yet a child may I begin
To ſerve the Lord with all my heart;
To ſhun the wily lures of ſin,
And claim the prize, or e'er I ſtart.

HYMN III.

CHARITY.

I.

O Queen of virtues, whoſe ſweet pow'r
Does o'er the firſt perfections tow'r,
Suſtaining in the arms of love,
All want below, all weal above.